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PRIDE,

OR THE

Fortunes & Misfortunes of War,

A NEW

Military Drama and Allegory, in Five Acts,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

McLean Post No. 16, G. A. R.,

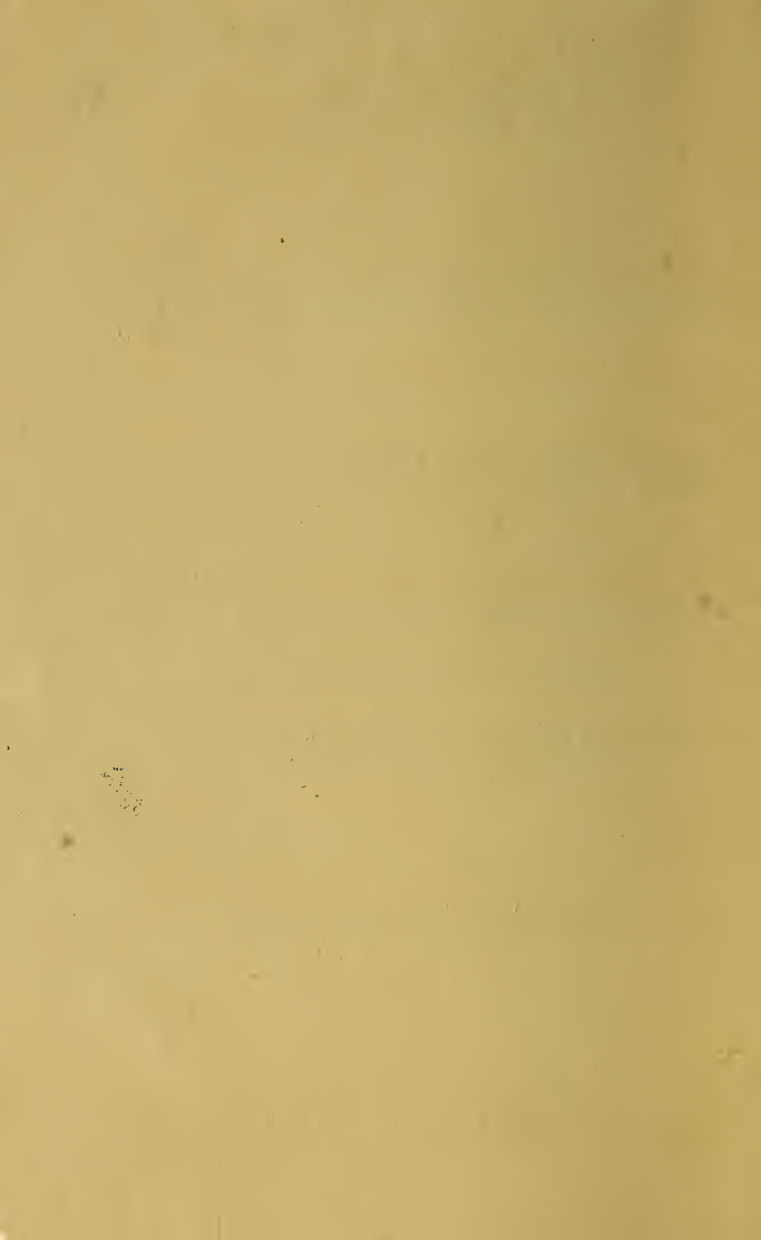
DEPARTMENT OF PENN'A.

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Reading, Pa.:

OWEN'S STEAM BOOK AND JOB OFFICE, 515 COURT STREET,
1870.



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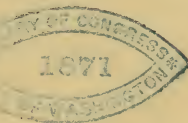
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Caste of Characters.

MR. RAYMOND, a wealthy Southern Planter.
HARRY RAYMOND, his son, afterwards Col. in Confederate Army.
MRS. RAYMOND.
ALICE RAYMOND.
KATE RAYMOND.
ROLL ROBERTS, overseer, afterwards Captain of Guerrilla Band.
PETE, house servant, afterwards in Union Army.
MR. ARLINGTON, a thrifty Southern Farmer.
NED ARLINGTON, his son, afterwards in Union Army.
JACK ARLINGTON, a Union Scout.
MRS. ARLINGTON.
FLORENCE ARLINGTON.
DEACON MABERRY, }
FARMER JONES, } Neighbors to Arlingtons.
WILL. STANTON, }
SAMBO, }
CLEM, } Slaves.
CATO, }

FEDERAL FORCES.

MAJOR-GEN. MEADE, Commanding.
COL. OF STAFF.
CAPT. OF STAFF.
GEN. REYNOLDS.
COL. OF STAFF.
CAPT. OF STAFF.
COL. WILLIAMS, Commanding Regiment.
SURGEON.
DESERTER.
GUARD.

CONFEDERATE FORCES.

GEN. LEE, Commanding.
COL. OF STAFF.
CAPT. OF STAFF.
GEN. LONGSTREET.
COL. OF STAFF.
CAPT. OF STAFF.
GEN. EWELL.
COL. OF STAFF.
CAPT. OF STAFF.
MAJOR THORN, commanding Regiment.
LIEUT. OF GUERRILLA BAND.
SERGT. COMMANDING GUARD.
JOE, one of the Guerrilla Band.
♠ Soldiers, Nurses, Sisters of Charity, &c.

Costumes.

- MR. KAYMOND.—1st. Fine black coat and pants, white vest.
2d. Seedy and threadbare.
3d. Poorly clad.
- HARRY R.—1st. Fine black suit.
2d. Confederate Colonel's uniform.
- MRS. R.—1st. Elegant morning dress.
2d. Plain Calico.
- ALICE R.—1st. Fine dress.
2d. Plain calico.
3d. Poorly clad.
- KATE R.—1st. Fine dress.
2d. Plain calico.
- ROBERTS.—1st. Overseer's suit.
2d. Confederate Captain's uniform.
- PETE.—1st. Swallow-tail coat, black pants and vest.
2d. White jacket, black pants and vest.
3d. Coarse suit, military cap.
4th. Coarse pants, red shirt.
5th Rebel uniform.
- MR. ARLINGTON.—Plain pants and vest, white shirt.
- NED A.—1st. Neat suit.
2d. Sergeant's uniform.
3d. Captain's uniform.
- JACK A.—1st. Coarse sack coat and pants, figured shirt.
2d. Same suit with belt and military hat.
3d. Poorly fitting Federal uniform.
- MRS. A.—Plain home dress.
- FLORENCE A.—Plain dress.
- DEACON MABERRY.—Seedy, tight-fitting black suit, high hat, goggles.
- FARMER JONES.—Rough farmer's suit.
- SAM O,
OLEN,
CATO, } Common pants, coarse shirts.

PRIDE,

OR THE

Fortunes and Misfortunes of War.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.—*Plantation, woods, slaves discovered dancing.*

Enter Pete.

Pete. Shut up dar now, yer lasses colored niggers, an let me read de news. I tell you dar am great news in dis paper. I hab jest come back from the village, and I heered a conflag dar dat consarns de whole ob yer; see heah, dar's gwine to be a 'bellion.

Sambo. What dat yer say, 'bellion? What am 'bellion?

Pete. De paper say dat 'bellion am de fight for the rights ob de colored individuals. It am war.

Cato. Dar now, git out yer igorant nigger, yer got too much whiskey when yer were a de village.

Pete. De paper am not got too much whiskey, nor I needer. Now lissen, and I'll 'xplain.

Sambo. Git out dar now Pete, if it mean something good to drink let's hab it.

Pete. See heah, before Massa Robert's come along, I'll tell yer dat we's gwine to hab trouble in de quarters.

Clem. Now Pete, don't fool wid us no longer but tell us what yer mean by de 'bellion.

Pete. Sambo, come heah; Clem, you go ober dere; Dar, now Sambo, you go an hit Clem in de ribs an dat'll 'xplain what 'bellion am. (Business.)

Clem. De lor', he means fight. I'll gib him 'bellion. (Business.)

Pete. Dar, dat am 'xactly what de paper say. (Reads.)

Enter Roll. Roberts R. listening.

Pete. (Reading.) "If de mudsills ob de norf are determined to put Lincom in de white house, de souf will rise in her might an declare her independence. We will not submit to such tyranny. Rather, will we forsake all for our glorious cause." Dar, d'ye heah dat; I tell yer, de folks ob de free states am gwine to gib us our liberty. I don't like dis paper, nor any one dat tinks dese 'xpression am de trufe.

Roberts. (Takes paper from Pete.) What's all this infernal conversation about, eh? Go to your quarters immediately or I'll cut your black hides open. (Exit Sambo, Clem and Cato, L.) Here Pete, where did you get this paper.

Pete. In de village, Massa.

Roberts. What business have you in the village listening to all the news that are discussed in bar-rooms and street-corners. Go about your business, and don't let me catch you again talking with those field niggers or I'll take the dirty black hide off of you.

Pete. I only told dem de trufe Massa, dat's all.

Roberts. Get out you black rascal. (Cracks whip, exit Pete, R.) Mr. Raymond gave them a holiday, but I'll change that very soon, I'll go and start them to work as a punishment for their cursed rebellious notion. (Exit L.)

End of Scene First.

SCENE SECOND.--*Landscape.*

Enter Sambo, Clem and Cato, L.

Cato. Dar now, dat am de end ob de holiday, jest cause Pete came in dere wid dat paper, golly Massa Roberts got him back up shuah.

Sambo. I'se a half o' mind not to go, case Massa Raymond gib us de holiday, not Massa Roberts.

Cato. Yah, yah, if yer don't go to work Massa Roberts 'ill call it 'bellion, den, I golly, he'll flog yer till yer Spanish brown.

Roberts heard outside, L.

Sambo. Dere he am now, cut and run, ebery one ob yer. (Exit all, R.)

Enter Pete, R.

Pete. Look heah, what am yer running for, what's de matter wid yer? "Great day in de morning," dey run as if de blood-hounds was on dere track.

Enter Roberts, L.

Roberts. Here, you black rascal, come here, now mark me, the first time I catch you engaged in such conversation with the field hands as you were this morning, I shall, by the orders of your lawful master, break that devilish black skull of yours, do you hear? Mind I'll watch you! The present condition of the country does not permit you dogs to talk of things you should know nothing about.

Pete. Massa Roberts, de paper say much, I don't know nuffin about, but my 'pinion is, dat de folks ob de norf am gwine to set us niggers free; an I don't care how much yer flog me; I'll watch all deir doings an 'xplain dem to de niggers at de quarters.

Roberts. You will, eh, will you? (Whips Pete.) There take that you black whelp you, I'll teach you to obey your master.

Pete. (Aside.) Dis am not de fust time he flogged dis ole darkey, but something dere tell me it will be de last. It am night now, but de morning will come, an when it does I'm gwine to hab my revenge. (Exit Pete, R.)

Roberts. From the conversation I overheard, between that cursed Pete and the field hands, I'm convinced they know more than they should, and require watching. Mr. Raymond, my employer, is a true southern gentleman, and should he hear of the rebellious feeling existing among his slaves, I would be called to account and probably lose my situation. Pete, that cursed house-servant has learned to *read*, and now he's inciting the other hands to rebel; but, I'll be on my guard, and the first time I hear him utter a rebellious word, I'll knock him down like a dog and thus gain favor with my employer and retain my situation. (Exit R.)

End of Scene Second.

SCENE THIRD.—*Parlor elegantly furnished, Raymond family discovered, laughing.*

Mr. Raymond. — (With Newspaper.) That is decidedly good, let me read it again.

Harry R. It is certainly very amusing, read it again by all means.

Mr. R. Well, pay attention. (Reads.) "Should the miserable handful of southern chivalry attempt to molest the gallant Major Anderson, they will find to their bitter cost, that the people of the free states will rise and crush them from the source of the Potomac to the gulf of Mexico. Ha, ha.

Harry R. They undoubtedly "recon without their host," let them try it.

Mr. R. Aye, let them try it. (Reads.) "In a very short time an army can be called into service which will astonish the world." Ha, ha.

Alice R. Ah, the presumptuous upstarts, how ridiculous.

Mr. R. (Reads.) "This is not the first time they have attempted the destruction of our national union, but let them beware, or else "forbearance will cease to be a virtue," and the people of the north will rise in their majesty, and with one united effort, sweep them from the face of the earth." Ha, ha.

Harry R. Should they dare attempt such a rash act, they will find that *two* can play at that game, and if the blood of the southern people is once aroused, let *them* beware. They will learn that we are not so easily exterminated as they imagine.

Mr. R. My opinion exactly. The south once aroused and in arms, and commanded by proper leaders, will teach them a lesson of extermination they will not soon forget.

Kate R. I think this foolish boasting of the north is extremely absurd. Why father, do they imagine they can conquer the south.

Mr. R. Certainly they do, they have an idea that we are merely toys or playthings, and can be tossed about at will.

Mrs. R. Well, I declare, Kate asks that question as though she was becoming interested in national affairs.

Kate R. So I am. Am I not Harry?

Harry R. Well no, I should think you were more interested in reading novels and singing sentimental songs, and—

Kate R. Oh pshaw! I might have expected such an answer from you.

Alice R. By the way, Harry, that reminds me of it, I hope you did not forget, when you were at the village this morning, to bring the Album you promised me. I received several photographs which I would like to put in it. One of them from my friend Mr. Arlington.

Kate R. Your friend? Well that is decidedly cool. Could you not use a more tender epithet and say lover.

Harry R. Yes, I should suppose the attachment amounts to something more than mere friendship; but Alice, I did not forget my promise. Your album is lying on my dressing case, I forgot to bring it down. Kate, I purchased a piece of music for you, I do not know how you will like it, but it expresses my feeling exactly. (Gives music to Kate.)

Kate R. Thank you Harry, I will dispense with my book for the present and devote my attention to this.

Harry R. Alice, speaking of your friend Ned Arlington, have you heard the latest?

Alice R. Why no! What do you mean.

Harry R. During my visit to the village this morning, I was informed that our neighbors, the Arlingtons, and particularly your friend Ned, were in direct sympathy with the north.

Mr. R. Eh! What is that you say, the Arlingtons sympathizing with the north. Can it be possible.

Mrs. R. I presume this is only a joke of yours; you certainly cannot be serious.

Harry R. I never was more serious in my life. I have the information from Will Stanton, an intimate friend of Ned's.

Mr. R. If this be so, then farewell to the friendship that has existed in our families for many years.

Harry R. Yes, I am convinced that ere long, many friendships will be broken and severed through the folly and ignorance of those northern abolitionists, for if they persist in meddling with our affairs of the south they will bring on war.

Mr. R. War! That's what we want, let it come. The country demands it. Too long already have we submitted to outrages heaped upon us, not only from the halls of Congress and Senate Chamber, but also from the sacred desks of the different churches of the north. In a few days the Hon. Jefferson Davis will be chosen to guide the ship of state for the south, then let them take heed.

Mrs. R. Why to hear you speak one would suppose we were already engaged in war.

Mr. R. Not already engaged, but in my opinion, on the eve of a mighty struggle, and if Ned Arlington presumes to breathe in my presence sentiments derogatory to the interests of our southern institutions, I would forget past friendship, drive him from my house and bid him farewell forever. What says my daughter Alice?

Alice R. Obedience to the will of my father shall always be my first consideration, especially when the interests of the sunny south are at stake.

Mr. R. Nobly spoken my daughter, and I assure you the sacrifice is made on the altar of a glorious cause.

Harry R. Well, let us change the subject. Alice, what do you say to a game of chess?

Alice R. Anything to while away the time and divert our attention from this hateful abolition war question.

Harry R. Now I propose that you represent the north and I the south, the result of the game to decide the issue.

Alice R. I am willing. (Both sit to table and arrange chess.) If this game is to decide the issue, the south will be victorious, for you are the best player.

Mrs. R. Kate, while they are engaged in playing, will you amuse us by singing a song?

Kate R. O mother, I am too much indisposed to sing.

Harry R. Yes, I suppose you have a *bad cold*, it is generally the case with singers.

Kate R. O pshaw, you be quiet. (Sings.)

Enter Ned Arlington, L.

Ned. A. Good morning.

Mr. R. (Coldly.) Good morning Mr. Arlington, be seated.

Ned A. Harry, I see you are very interestingly engaged. Miss Alice, I fear you will be beaten for I know Harry to be an excellent player.

Alice R. I fear so myself. Harry proposed playing a game to decide the issue between the north and south, and I must acknowledge, thus far the south has the advantage.

Ned A. I apprehend the great issue pending between the north and south will not be decided by a mere chance game of chess.

Mr. R. (Rings bell, enter Pete, R. U. E.) A bottle of wine. (Exit Pete, R.)

Enter Roberts, R.

Roberts. Good morning Mr. Raymond, beg pardon ladies, but very important business has brought me to the mansion.

Mr. R. Important business Roberts. What's wrong now? (Rises and comes down stage, C.)

Roberts. I overheard a conversation this morning among the field hands, which gives me reason to suppose there is mischief brewing.

Mr. R. Mischief, what do you mean?

Roberts. I mean that some of your servants have learned to read, and got hold of a newspaper through which they learned that the northern abolitionists are in sympathy with them, and desire to set them free, which, I fear, will make them troublesome.

Mr. R. This is very important, be careful, watch their every movement, and if you see anything suspicious, inform me of it immediately. I'll teach these *slaves* to learn to know their position, instead of learning to read.

Roberts. I shall attend to them. (Moves off.)

Mr. R. Roberts, I just ordered a bottle of wine, stay and have a glass, be seated.

Enter Pete with wine, L., Mr. R. fills glasses, Pete serves, gives Roberts last.

Roberts. (Aside.) Ha! ha! I flogged the black cuss this morning, and it seems he has'nt forgotten it yet. Oh! I'll tame him.

Mr. R. I now propose a toast, "Here's to the perpetuation of our southern institutions; may the hand of him who dares to strike at us be paralyzed and fall powerless to his side." (All drink except Ned A.)

Ned A. I will not drink to that toast. (Puts glass with wine on the table.)

Harry R. Sir. (All rise.)

Alice R. Refuse to drink to that toast.

Mr. R. I am astonished sir.

Pete. I would'nt drink to dat neider.

Mr. R. Silence, how dare you; leave the room.

Harry R. Ned Arlington, did you intend this as an insult?

Ned A. No, I respect you all, but I a thousand times more respect my country and her flag.

Roberts. (Aside.) So, so, a quarrel. Arlington will be discarded and Alice may yet be mine.

Mr. R. Mr. Arlington, will you explain your conduct.

Ned A. Mr. Raymond, I can explain in a few words. I have no disregard for you, but I cannot but respect my country and revere the memory of our patriot fathers who laid down their lives in the revolutionary struggle for our freedom.

Alice R. (Coldly.) Mr. Arlington, enough of this sir. I was born and educated in the south, I love its institutions, and revere its principles, I am not forgetful of the attachment that existed between us, but your conduct here has severed all links that bound us together and made us strangers to each other. You can go sir, and never presume to cross this threshold again until you have felt the strong arm of the south laid upon you, until your proud spirit is broken and crushed, and you fall upon your knees and ask forgiveness.

Ned A. Be careful Miss Raymond that you do not first fall upon *your* knees and ask *my* forgiveness.

Harry R. Sir, you mistake the spirit of my sister, and the time will come when you will be compelled to acknowledge it, she will never kneel to you.

Ned A. Be not too sanguine, Harry Raymond, the freaks and fortunes of war sometimes work mysterious changes. Prouder hearts than yours have been crushed, and the glitter-

ing cloak of pride and aristocracy torn from their shoulders, and caused them to sink into misery and disgrace.

Harry R. This is adding injury to insult, I now demand an immediate apology, or I'll—

Ned A. And that I will never give.

Harry R. Then take that. (Draws dagger and attempts to strike.)

Ned A. Hold! put back that knife, you may find better use for it in a short time. Have you forgotten where you are? In the presence of ladies, your mother, and sisters. Is this unnatural show of violence in harmony with your much boasted of chivalric spirit of the southern people. I will leave your house, but Harry Raymond take heed, do not let your southern pride and prejudice destroy your reason. Do not, I pray you, treat with contempt, the powers of the north, for they are mighty. And if in your blindness and folly, you force them to arms, look to yourselves, and may He who holds the destinies of nations in his hands protect the right. For the last time, *beware*. (Tableau, curtain.)

End of Act First.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.—*Plain chamber, table, and chairs, Mr. Arlington in shirt sleeves, reading work on Agriculture; Mrs. Arlington and Florence sewing, discovered.*

Mrs. A. Father, what do you find so very interesting in that book? You are reading it day and night lately.

Mr. A. Interesting! Zounds, why this is one of the greatest works published! Ha, ha, talk about your old fashioned way of raising fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre, why this tells you how to raise twenty-five bushels to the acre.

Mrs. A. That is all very good, but is there any truth in it?

Mr. A. To be sure there is, this is an age of progress, scientific works like this are doing away with your old worn-out ideas, and introducing new and better ones.

Florence A. Father, I wish you would get a *new* coat, this is too bad, it is scarcely worth mending. Why you look like an old pauper in this. (Holds up patched coat.)

Mr. A. Patch it up, patch it up, and don't bother me. It seems to me you are getting like the rest of the girls, full of pride, full of pride.

Florence A. Well I do declare, what have you got in your pockets. (Takes bundle of paper out of pocket.)

Mr. A. (Reading.) Onions, potatoes, cabbage, turnips,—

Florence A. Why no it is'nt, its a bundle of paper.

Mr. A. Poh, nonsense girl. I'm not talking about that, attend to your work and don't interrupt me.

Farmer Jones. (Outside.) Whoa Bill, whoa now.

Florence A. Father, there's farmer Jones with his wagon, he's coming in.

Enter Farmer Jones, L.

Farmer Jones. Good morning, neighbor Arlington, I just dropped in to tell you I returned that harrow I borrowed of you, and I brought you a few seed potatoes, they are called Prince Alberts, and they are royal, I tell you.

Mr. A. Prince Alberts, let me see, let me see. (Refers to book.) I'm sure I saw that name somewhere. Ah! here it is. They are highly recommended.

Farmer Jones. O! I'll guarantee they are well recommended. Whoa now Bill! Whoa! can't you stand quiet for a moment or two.

Mr. A. Why what seems to be the matter with your horses? I thought they were generally very quiet.

Farmer Jones. You see I just hitched up one of the colts, and he is not broke into the harness yet, well, as I was just saying, they are royal potatoes. There is my neighbor Davis planted a bushel of them last season, and he told me they yielded immensely, so I bought several bushels to try, and concluded to give you a few of them.

Mr. A. I'm very much obliged to you indeed. I shall give them a fair trial. There's nothing like improvement.

F. Jones. Well, good day, I must be going, I've got a little grain I want to take down to the mill. (Moves off.)

Mr. A. Stop, before you go I want you to taste a glass of my cider. Florence run and bring a pitcher of it. (Exit Florence, R.)

F. Jones. Well, I don't mind if I do. Whoa, consarn you, can't you be quiet now.

Enter Florence give cider to Mr. A.

Mr. A. (Fills glass gives to F. Jones.) Here you are now, drink it down, and tell us what you think of it.

F. Jones. (Drinks.) Capital cider that, capital.

Mr. A. Try another glass.

F. Jones. No, I believe not. (Mr. A. fills glass.) Whoa, whoa, that colt is so confounded restless, I must go now, well good day, drop over to see us, all of you. (Exit L.)

Mr. A. (Goes to table, examines potato.) This is a fine specimen, the eyes are fine and well developed. Let me see what this work says about Prince Alberts.

Enter Ned, L, takes seat.

Mrs. A. Why Ned, what in the world is the matter with you? Has anything serious occurred?

Ned A. Yes mother, something serious has occurred.

Florence A. What is it! Do tell us.

Ned A. Father, those hot-headed leaders of the south have at last plunged the county in war. They have fired on Fort Sumpter, and the old flag has been torn down and trampled in the dust.

Mr. A. (Closes book violently.) War! Fired on Fort Sumpter and torn down the old flag. Confound them! We'll make them put it back again.

Mrs. A. Oh! has it really come to this, heaven only knows where it will end.

Mr. A. End! I'll tell you where it will end. Those proud aristocratic scoundrels, who for years have been sown the seeds of strife and discord throughout the country, will be subjugated and reduced from pride and affluence to misery and want.

Florence A. Ned, do you think they are really in earnest.

Ned A. No doubt of it. In a few days the whole country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will be aroused by the fearful cry of war.

Mr. A. This is dreadful news indeed, where did you hear it?

Ned A. I heard it down at the village. The papers are full of it, I tried to get a copy, but was too late. But I have something more to tell you; on my return, I dropped in at the Raymond Mansion, and while there we had a—

Mr. A. Well, well, go on.

Florence A. Do tell us what has happened. I see you hesitate.

Ned A. Well—we had a quarrel.

All. A quarrel!

Ned A. Yes, while there Mr. Raymond ordered a bottle of wine, handed me a glass with the rest, and proposed a toast; Now, what do you think it was?

Mr. A. I have not the least idea.

Ned A. It was this, the perpetuation of our southern institutions, may the hand of him that dares strike at us fall paralyzed to his side.

Mr. A. (Excited.) Ned, did you drink to that toast?

Ned A. Did I drink to that toast! Father, how can you ask that question? When I become so base as to forget your early instructions; when I lose all respect for your gray hairs; when my reason has fled and I become a grovelling outcast from society, then may you ask, did I drink to that toast. I set my glass upon the table and said, "I will not."

Mr. A. God bless my son, (aside,) his name is Arlington.

Mrs. A. How were you treated by Mr. Raymond.

Ned A. After I refused to drink, he demanded an explanation, I complied, he grew angry, hot words were exchanged, and finally Harry became so enraged as to draw a dagger and attempt my life.

Florence A. Is it possible! And what of Alice?

Ned A. O! she became excited and bade me never to cross their threshold again, until I had repented and would fall upon my knees and ask her forgiveness.

Noise outside, L.

Mr. A. Ah! there's Jack, you can always hear him before you see him.

Jack A. (Outside.) I say, open the door.

Mr. A. What's the matter with the fellow? Can't you open it yourself?

Jack A. No, I cant, I'm loaded like a pack-mule with his sideboards up.

Mr. A. Florence open the door for him.

Enter Jack with gun and bag, L, puts bag down, flourishes gun, alarming family.

Mrs. A. Jack, Jack, do be careful with that gun.

Jack A. Long Thomas is as harmless as a dead nigger on his way to the cemetery.

Ned A. Jack, will you oblige us by giving an account of yourself, where have you been?

Jack A. Why, Pete and I were out gunning, was'nt we Thomas?

Ned A. What in the name of common sense do you mean by Thomas.

Jack A. (Showing gun.) This is what I call Thomas, is'nt she a stunner. Old Pete made me a present of this. Pete is my right bower and Thomas my left.

Mrs. A. What have you got in your bag?

Jack A. Game:

Ned A. Come, come, Jack, none of your stories, you don't call that a game bag, do you?

Jack A. Seeing is believing, isn't it! Open sesame, as they say in Jack the Giant-killer. I said I had game, behold! (Takes game chicken from bag.)

Mr. A. Why Jack, you don't call that game.

Jack A. Father, if that isn't a game chicken, I'll eat it.

Ned A. Jack, you've been at your old tricks again, you've been stealing.

Jack A. Eh! What! How did you find that out.

Ned A. Now here Jack, take my advice, take that chicken with the bag and all its contents back to where you got them, then come back, I have something to tell you.

Jack A. All right Ned. O, stop, hold up, I say Florence, you know you told me to hunt a four-leaved clover for you for luck.

Florence A. Yes, yes Jack, did you find one?

Jack A. Yes, here it is. (Searches pockets.) I've got it in my pocket somewhere, here it is, no it isn't neither. Now, where did I put it? I have it somewhere, oh, I know now, I put it in this pocket. [Reaches in left coat pocket, mashes eggs, draws his hand out confused.] Blow the luck, then there eggs Pete gave me to set under that game chicken, now they're all smashed to thunder. I guess Pete smashed them too, because I played that trick on him. [Exit, L.]

Enter Boy, L.

Boy. A letter for Edward Arlington. [Gives letter.]

Exit, L.

Ned A. [Opens letter, reads.] Dear Friend Ned:—I suppose you have heard the news; Fort Sumpter has been fired on, and war is the result. Capt. Williams has opened a recruiting office at this place, and wishes to see you immediately. There is but one course to pursue, and I know that your heart is in the right place. Come. Your friend.

WILL. STANTON.

Ned A. Father, I will leave for recruiting head-quarters at once.

Mrs. A. Oh Ned! this is too bad, had you not better reflect?

Ned A. Mother, I feel as though I should be unworthy to be called your son, should I linger at home in this hour of our country's danger.

Mr. A. Aye, you are right Ned, we are on the eve of a mighty struggle, recreant hands have dared to attempt the overthrow of our glorious union, cemented together and baptized by the blood and tears of our fathers. The flag has

been insulted, and a blow aimed at our national honor. The country need strong arms and patriotic hearts to hurl back those presumptuous fools, and teach them a lesson which I hope may haunt their guilty consciences for ages to come. Ned you know your duty, and may the God of battles direct you.

Enter Jack, L.

Jack A. Why what's in the wind now? You all look as serious as a black hearse drawn by a black horse along a dark road on a dark night.

Florence A. Why Jack, is it possible you hav'nt heard the news?

Jack A. News, no, what news?

Ned A. Jack, Sumpter has been fired on, war is declared, a recruiting office is opened in the village, and I am going.

Jack A. Sumpter fired on, war declared, a recruiting office is opened and I am going; so am I.

Florence A. What, you go to war! why the people around here call you a coward.

Jack A. I do'nt care what they call me; see here Ned, you just get that governor's consent, will you? Oh now you need'nt look so, go, just pop the question.

Ned A. Father, Jack wants your consent to go with me, what do you say?

Mr. A. Ha! Ha! I'm afraid it would be a hard matter to beat discipline into his head; however, if his mind is set upon going he can go. If I had a dozen sons they all should have my consent.

Ned A. It's all right Jack, you can go, so come along.

Jack A. Hold on a minute till I get my boon companion, my right bower, my long Thomas, (Gets gun.) Here we are! all right Ned.

Ned A. Well, good-by for a short time, when next you see me, my name will be enrolled with those who are willing to strike the blow that will redeem our nation's honor. (Exit Ned and Jack, L.)

End of Scene First.

SCENE SECOND.—*Landscape.*

Enter Pete, L.

Pete. Yah, yah, great day in de morning, I guess I fatched Jack dis time, ef he puts his hands in his pockets he'll find dem eggs is smashed all to pieces. Sarves him right, 'case he

had no business to load up that dere long tom, an tell me to shoot him off. Goodness gracious, de contusion was dreadful, it knocked me clear down on my back. Holloa, who is dat feller coming dere? Great day in de morning, he's in a big hurry. (Enter 1st citizen, R.) Say boss, what's de matter?

1st Citizen. Did'nt you hear the news?

Pete. Well I guess I did'nt, did you? [Exit citizen, L.]

Enter 2nd Citizen, R.

Pete. Hold up dere now and 'xplain, what am dis running for?

2d Citizen. Did'nt you hear the news? [Exit, L.]

Pete. Git out wid yer, what am I got to do wid yer news? Yah, yah, great day in de morning, look at dem pins, don't dey fly? Dey cut the wind like a streak ob greased lightning.

Enter 3d Citizen, R, runs against Pete and knocks him down.

Pete. See heah, you, where yer gwoine in sich a hurry?

3d Citizen. Did'nt you hear the news? [Exit, L.]

Pete. Kinder crawls up my mem'ry dere's something up, but I'se gwoine to find out if it takes a whole free days. Hollo, dere comes Jack, I guess I'll find out dis time.

Enter Jack, R.

Jack A. Clear the track, Pete.

Pete. I guess not, 'xplain dis running around here, den you can pass on wid yer.

Jack A. Why Pete, there's going to be war. Did'nt you hear that the Sumpter fired on the— no, no, that isn't it, I mean that the war fired on Sumpter, no that is'nt it neither.

Pete. Well, what do yer mean den?

Jack A. I mean that the stars and moon, no that is'nt it, I mean —

Pete. You're mean enough to do anything, you was mean enough to load up dat old gun so as to kick me down.

Jack A. Yes and you smashed them eggs in my pocket.

Pete. Well Jack, lets call it even, an tell me what's de matter.

Jack A. Why Fort Sumpter was fired on and the old flag was torn down, we're going to have war. Say, Pete, I'm going.

Pete. Gwoine where?

Jack A. Why, to war of course. I say Pete, Ned is going and Long Tom and I, and I guess you'll go too, wo'nt you Pete?

Pete. Yah, Yah, what would dey want wid me. Some of dem sogers might take me for a black chuck, an kill me den shuah.

Jack A. I'll tell you Pete, we won't list, we'll go by our selves as scouts and be a whole army on our own hook, killing and slashing whenever we please.

Pete. Jack I guess I'll list in your company an den we can get lots to eat and drink, and dere wo'nt be nobody to steal it from us, will dere?

Jack A. Hollo! Who is that four-eyed, solemn looking monster coming there? [Enter Deacon, R.]

Deacon. The country's in an awful state. [Exit, L.]

Jack A. [Mimicing.] The country's in an awful state.

Pete. De country am in an orful state. [Both laugh heartily.]

Enter Roll Roberts, R.

Pete. Great day in the morning. Dere am Roll Roberts.

Roberts. [Aside.] So, so, it is just as I expected, Mr. Raymond's orders to keep a strict watch on him did'nt come a moment too soon. I've sworn to tame that black cuss, and I will do it.] Well, you infernal imp, what are you doing here, hatching up some deviltry, eh, you and Jack Arlington?

Pete. No, Massa Roberts, I was down yer on an errand for Massa Raymond.

Roberts. You lie, you rascal you, I know what you're about, I've been watching you.

Jack A. [Aside.] Yes, and I am watching you.

Roberts. See here Pete, I've sworn to tame you, and I'll do it, now leave this instant or I'll— [Raises whip to strike.]

Jack A. Put down that whip or I'll put a streak of daylight through you quicker than a flash of lightning 'll go through a goose-berry bush. Put it down, do you hear?

Pete. Look heah, Massa Roberts, dere is'nt an inch on dis ole black body ob mine dat has'nt been cut open wid de lash, an you dun it just case I'se a slave, but the day am not far off when you will learn to know dat under de black skin dere is a heart as white as youn dat beats for freedom an is gwine to hab it.

Jack A. That's so, by the great United States. (To Roberts) There now you walk, disappear, vanish.

Roberts. You have me now, but mark me Jack Arlington, when we meet again I'll be prepared for you. (Exit R.)

Pete. I owe you one for dat Jack, you saved me from de lash, an I wo'nt forgit you.

Jack A. You owe me one, and Long Tom here *two*.
[Tapping of drum heard] Hallo! there go the boys on their way to the village, lets after them and fall in at the tail end! Come on Pete, forward, let her rip—dust. [Exit Jack and Pete, L.]

End of Scene Second.

SCENE THIRD.—*Plain Chamber, Mr. and Mrs. Arlington and Florence discovered.*

Florence A. Father, don't you think it is near time for the boys to return. Oh, it will be so lonesome when they are gone to war.

Mr. A. True! true! But we must bear our troubles patiently, and trust to providence for their safe return.
[Knock at door L.] *Florence*, see who's there.

Florence A. [Goes to door.] It is Deacon Maberry.

Enter Deacon, L.

Deacon. [Shakes hands with all.] Ah my dear friends, the Country's is in an awful state.

Mr. A. What's wrong now friend Maberry?

Deacon. Our young men, sacrificed by the scores, too bad, too bad.

Mrs. A. Heaven protect my boys, and keep them out of the way of temptation.

Deacon. Boys' enlisted?

Mr. A. They left here for that purpose, I expect them every minute.

Deacon. Nerve! friend Arlington, nerve.

Mrs. A. This is too terrible to contemplate.

Mr. A. Yes, it is terrible indeed, but the country needs men, and if I was as hale and hearty as I was but 20 years ago, I'd shoulder the musket myself and help to punish those blood thirsty scoundrels.

Deacon. Excitement, Mr. Arlington, excitement. [Noise outside, L.]

Florence A. Oh, I believe the boys are coming now. [Enter Ned in uniform, L.]

Ned A. Well, here I am, sworn and mustered into the U. S. service. Why how d'ye do, Deacon?

Deacon. Enlisted Ned?

Ned A. Yes, Deacon.

Florence A. Oh! Ned, we will be so lonesome when you are gone.

Deacon. Noble lad, noble lad.

Ned A. Father, the regiment will soon pass here, when I must be ready to follow the fortunes of perhaps, a long and bloody war.

Mrs. A. Oh! my dear son, I can hardly realize that in a short time you will leave us, perhaps never to return. Receive this as a parting gift from your mother, and when surrounded by dangers and temptations, in camp, on long and dreary marches, or on the field of battle, do not, as you love your mother, forget to put your trust in this. [Presents testament.]

Ned A. Mother, wherever I am, under all circumstances, may heaven direct my steps as you desire, I will always put my trust there. [Noise outside, L.]

Mr. A. Ah, there comes Jack, noisy as usual. [Enter Jack, in full uniform.]

Jack A. Well, here I am, ready for the war-path, ground arms. [Lays down gun.] Why, hollo deacon, glad to see you.

Deacon. Enlisted, eh?

Jack A. No deacon, long Tom, Pete and I are going on our own hook.

Deacon. Long Tom? Who's long Tom?

Jack A. Here, behold (shows gun.)

Deacon. The country's in an awful state.

Enter Pete with knapsack, sword and military cap L.

Pete. Here I am; make way for de black apparition.

Band heard in distance.

Ned A. Oh, the regiment is coming.

Enter Farmer Jones, citizens, boys with flags, &c., L; general leavetaking; troops pass the doors; waving of handkerchiefs, flags, hats, &c.; Deacon gets on chair to look through the window, becomes excited and falls off chair; troops cheer as they pass; Jack, Pete and deacon follow after; Ned retires slowly; family sinks in an attitude of prayer.

Mr. A. May God protect the right.

Tableau—curtain. End of Act second!

ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.—*Woods, headquarters of the Union Army, Gen. Meade and staff, guard walking beat, stack of muskets and relief guard in fore-ground, discovered.*

Enter Gen. Reynolds and Staff, L.

Gen. R. Good morning General.

Gen. Meade. Good morning General, I was just thinking of taking a ride over to your camp to consult with you about a very important matter.

Gen. R. If that is so, my visit to you has saved you that trouble, beside the loss of time.

Gen. M. That is very true, take a seat, you may feel disposed to laugh at my whims but does it not strike you that this unusual quietness of the rebels means mischief?

Gen. R. Well, I must confess I hav'nt given the matter a thought. There is, however, an old maxim, that "a calm always precedes a storm," which might be appropriately applied in this case.

Gen. M. Ha, ha, very true, and that brings up the old adage, "in time of peace prepare for war."

Gen. R. Should the enemy attempt to steal the march on us, they will find that, although considerably exhausted by long marches, we will be ready to give them a warm reception.

Gen. M. I hope so. By the way, what is the general condition of your troops?

Gen. R. I am pleased to say, considering all circumstances, I never saw them better.

Gen. M. That is certainly very cheering news, I am inclined to believe that we are on the eve of some very hot work. (Enter deserter under guard, L.) Who have you there?

Guard. A deserter from the rebel lines.

Gen. M. Where did you find him?

Guard. We found him straggling within our lines. He says he has important information to impart.

Gen. M. Ah, General, examine him and see what information he has.

Gen. R. This way. To what command were you attached?

Deserter. To General Longstreet's.

Gen. R. What was your object in deserting?

Deserter. Because my home is in the North, and I cannot fight against it.

Gen. R. Were you impressed into the service?

Deserter. I was.

Gen. R. Was this the first opportunity offered you for escape.

Deserter. It was.

Gen. R. What information have you to impart?

Deserter. I overheard a conversation between Generals Lee and Ewell.

Gen. R. Well?

Deserter. Gen Lee said he would cross over into Pennsylvania, secure the Capital, and hoist the Confederate flag over every city, town and village in the old Keystone State.

Gen. R. Ah! this is *very* important; General I have questioned him, he says Gen. Lee intends crossing into Pennsylvania, and hoisting the Confederate flag over every city, town and village in the Keystone State.

Gen. M. (Musing.) If this is true, it is indeed important, but coming from a rather unreliable source I am inclined to doubt it, and shall have the matter thoroughly investigated.

Capt.——order Col. Williams to report here immediately.

(Exit L.) Guard, conduct the man to the officer of the day and order him to be kept under strict guard until further orders. (Exit guard and deserter, L.)

Enter Col. Williams, L.

Col. W. Gen. what are your orders?

Gen. M. Col, I have important work on hand for which I require a reliable and trustworthy man, have you such a one in your command?

Col. W. I think I have.

Gen. M. Then order him to report here immediately. (Exit Col. W., L.)

Enter relief guard, L. Exit, L.

Enter Ned A., L.

Ned A. I've been ordered by Col. Williams to report here.

Gen. M. I have an important duty to be performed—one that requires shrewdness, courage, and unwavering spirit. Are you willing to undertake it? reflect well before you answer; the mission will be difficult and dangerous, and may cost your life.

Ned A. General, if by undertaking this hazardous duty I can oblige you, and benefit our cause, I am ready to undertake it.

Gen. M. Then you will at once make all necessary preparations, enter the enemy's lines, gain all necessary information in reference to their movements and designs, and report at headquarters as soon as possible. (Exit Ned, L.)

Enter officer with flag of truce under guard, L.

Guard. General, Captain Wilson, of General Ewell's staff, under flag of truce.

Gen. M. What is your desire?

Capt. W. General Ewell's compliments; he desires the body of Colonel Marston, who fell yesterday in a cavalry skirmish near Frederick.

Gen. M. Capt. you will conduct Capt. Wilson through our lines, and see that Gen. Ewell's request is granted. (Exit Aid and Capt. Wilson.)

Enter Col. Mason.

Col. M. General, our supplies have failed to reach us in consequence of the Railroad track having been torn up by a band of guerrillas supposed to be under the command of Capt. Roll Roberts.

Gen. M. General, you will attend to this affair immediately; order a detachment of cavalry to scour that section of country, repair the damage, and if possible, punish that notorious outlaw. (Exit Gen. R., L.)

Bugle call in distance.

End of Scene First.

SCENE SECOND.—*Landscape, Enter Capt. Roberts and Lieut. L.*

Roberts. Ha, ha, ha, I say Lieutenant, the yanks'll have a glorious time in getting that railroad repaired, I think some of them'll grow lean for the want of grub.

Lieut. That's so Captain, but don't you think this will stir up the Yankee hounds, and put them in hot pursuit of us?

Roberts. I've no doubt of that, but you know when they attempt to put hands on us—

Lieut. Why we're not there, ha, ha.

Roberts. Ha, ha. They will find us a good deal like the will-o-the-wisp, the further they follow the deeper they get into the mire, but Lieutenant, we're losing time talking here; go and have the horses well shod, give the men three days' rations, see that their side arms are in good condition, and meet me at the cross-roads in three hours. (Exit Lieut., R.) If my plan works, I'll give them another blow where they least expect it. [Exit, R.]

Enter Pete, L.

Pete. I wonder where dat Massa Jack got to, I'se been looking all day for him. Dis morning when I woke up he was nowhere about. He'll git himself into trouble yet shuah. I wonder who dem fellers am' down in the woods, dey got dere horses tied to the trees an' dey are laying about dere swearin like troopers. I wonder who dey are, great day in de morning, I'll bet dem is gorrillers, I better keep myself sceerce here. Hollo, who's dat ole feller coming dere.

Enter Ned A. disguised, R.

Pete. (Aside.) I guess he's an ole pie peddler; I wonder ef I'se got free cents in my pockets. (Searches pocket.)

Ned A. I'm now within the rebel lines and caution must be my guiding star. Thrice have I been put to a severe test, but thanks to a kind Providence I have thus far escaped detection. Hollo, who have we there. As I live 'tis my old and tried friend Pete. Ah, a thought strikes me, it is evident he does not know me. I'll try a little ruse to test my disguise more fully. Good morning my friend, can I sell you anything to-day?

Pete. Well I declare to goodness, I can't find dem stamps.

Ned A. I hope you havn't been robbed.

Pete. No, guess not, go through dat wardrobe ob mine dey wouldn't get much. I bet dis is some of Jack's work.

Ned A. Jack, Jack, who is Jack? is he any relation of yours.

Pete. No not 'xactly a relation, but he's a kind ob twin brodder in arms.

Ned A. Does Jack, that twin brother of yours, as you call him, enjoy good health?

Pete. You jest bet high on dat, great day in de morning, you ought to see him eat, he goes frough corn-dodgers like a greased hog frough a garden gate.

Ned A. I am glad to hear it. So you can't find the stamps; well, never mind, I think you are honest, you can pay me when next you see me. Here, take a pie and pipe, and here's one for Jack, that twin brother of your's.

Pete. Thank ye, old man, and when I see you again, I'll pay you as sure's my name's Pete.

Ned A. You call me old, now how old do you suppose I am?

Pete. Well, you's about, let me see, you's about eighty years old.

Ned A. Ha, ha, guess again Pete, guess again, and maybe you'll get nearer the mark.

Pete. Dis time I miss him, no, guess you's about, you's about, let me see, you's about ninety-free.

Ned A. Wrong again, I find you are not so good at guessing age. Now, suppose you look at me right sharply, and see whether you can guess my name.

Pete. De land of goodness, how does ye spect I can guess yer name. I's no gizzard ob de east, why I nebber seed ye before.

Ned A. Well, since you cannot guess my age or name, and never saw me before, I will tell you; I am twenty-eight years of age, and my name is Ned Arlington.

Pete. (Surprised.) Great day in de morning, does I sleep or am I 'wake; stop till I bite my finger; I golly I's awake.

Ned A. Ha, ha; I say Pete, you owe me one for this, but never mind, you may have an opportunity to repay it. I've been ordered to enter the enemy's lines to gain information, and finding you here I thought it a fine opportunity to test my disguise. You failed to recognize me, and I now feel doubly sure I shall escape detection. I have a dangerous road to travel and I may never return. If you should not hear from me in three days, tell Jack to write home that I had died like a soldier, with my face to the enemy. Good bye Pete; good bye. (Exit, L.)

Pete. Good bye Massa Ned, de Lor' bress ye. Now he'll get himself into trouble shuah; I'll just scout round here, find Jack, tell him all about it, an den we'll follow him.

(Exit, R.)

SCENE THIRD.—*Confederate head-quarters, woods, set stump; Gen. Lee and Staff discovered; Gen. Lee examining map on stump.*

Enter Gen. Longstreet and Staff, L.

Gen. Longstreet. Good day, General.

Gen. Lee. Good morning, General, you are certainly very punctual, I was just examining the different routes leading to a certain point, and am somewhat puzzled, owing to some information I expected to receive from my scouts, who have not yet returned.

Gen. Longstreet. Have you any suspicion of them having fallen into the hands of the enemy?

Gen. Lee. Yes, there is certainly something wrong, they should have reported here early this morning.

Gen. Longstreet. Ah! that looks bad indeed, but I hope they may turn up in time yet, to assist you out of this difficulty.

Gen. Lee. (Musing.) Ah! an idea has occurred to me. Colonel, order the major commanding the 7th South Carolina Regiment to report here immediately, (Exit Col., L.)

Enter Gen. Ewell and staff, L.

Gen. E. How do you do General?

Gen. Lee. How d'ye do General Ewell, I'm happy to see you. What is the condition of your command?

Gen. E. Well, considering their fatiguing marches into Pennsylvania, their condition is very good.

Gen. Lee. That is well; if all my officers could say as much, I would have no fears for the future.

Enter Major Thorn, L.

Maj. Thorn. General, I've been ordered to report here.

Gen. Lee. I want you to select from your regiment a sergeant and six good men, I have a special duty to assign them. (Exit Major, L.)

Gen. Lee. (To aid.) Captain, go to General Stuart's headquarters and see whether those scouts have returned. (Exit aid, L.) Generals, I wish to draw your attention to a few points on this map, which is my chief object in bringing you here. (Examine map.)

Enter Sergeant and soldiers, L.

Sergt. Major Thorn ordered me to report here.

Gen. Lee. Sergeant, you will stack arms and await further orders.

Enter Spy R, Aid L.

Aid. General, the scouts have not yet returned, it is the opinion of General Stuart that they were captured.

Gen. Lee. Just as I expected.

Enter Roll Roberts, R.

Col. Raymond. (Of Gen. Longstreet's Staff comes down stage.) Good morning, Roberts, I hear you have been hitting the yanks some pretty hard blows lately.

Roberts. Why yes, Colonel, I guess they know who I am by this time, if they don't they'll soon find out.

Col. Raymond. Yes, I think so. Everything looks favorable now, and it is my opinion, before long the Confederate flag will float over the capitol at Washington, and our troops will revel in the green fields of Pennsylvania.

Roberts. Ha, ha, that will give me a fine opportunity to fatten my horses at the same time.

Col. R. Yes. Too long has this Yankee horde trampled on our sacred soil, but now the Confederate star is in the ascendency, and its destiny is upward and onward, rising higher and higher until these Northern plebeians are forced to acknowledge our independence.

Roberts. So may it be. By the way, Colonel, have you heard anything of the Arlington family lately?

Col. R. Nothing particular. But why do you ask?

Roberts. O, I merely asked for information; old acquaintances you know; and then old Arlington has a fine daughter. You have not written to her lately, eh?

Col. R. (Aside.) It is evident this fellow knows of my attempts at opening a correspondence with Miss Arlington. I see you have my secret Roberts; and you will oblige me by keeping this affair strictly private.

Spy. (Aside.) There is some mystery, I must hear further.

Roberts. O, of course; as I can gain nothing by babbling, you need not fear.

Col. R. I have written two letters to Florence Arlington, but—

Roberts. Received no answer, ha, ha.

Col. R. How did you learn this?

Roberts. Mere guess work, Colonel, that's all. Well, I wish you success, it would be a crusher for her brother Ned, that very particular friend of yours, you know.

Col. R. I do not understand you, I can assure you that my motives towards Miss Arlington are pure and honorable.

Roberts. Ha, ha, that 'll do to tell the marines, but it won't do here.

Col. R. Will you explain?

Roberts. Why, 'pon my honor, Colonel, one that didn't know you as well as I, would suppose you were really sincere, by your serious looks.

Col. R. Roberts, you feel disposed to jest with me, I am inclined to believe you have been drinking too much. I tell you I was never more serious in my life.

Roberts. Better and better, come, come, you don't suppose I've forgotten that little affair that happened at your father's house at the breaking out of the war, your quarrel with Ned Arlington, and your oath about having revenge.

Col. R. Well, sir; in what manner can you connect that quarrel with my intentions toward Miss Arlington?

Roberts. That is not so hard to understand. A serious love affair. Very flattering letters from Colonel Raymond, full of sincerity and golden promises, eh? Splendid aircas-

bles, ha, ha. Promise of marriage. An elopement. And—finally the girl yields. Ah, won't that be sweet revenge on Ned Arlington?

Spy. Fiend—

Roberts. What does this mean? Unhand me old man, or I'll—

Spy. I—I beg pardon Captain, I often get these spells.

Roberts. Well, the next time your spell comes on keep your hands off of me.

Spy. Yes, you see Captain, family affairs and this terrible war have made the mind of this old man a little feeble at times.

Roberts. So it seems. What have you in your basket—what are you selling?

Spy. Well, I'm trying to make a living by selling combs, brushes, tobacco, pipes, pies, &c., to the soldiers. Can't I sell something to you to-day, Captain?

Roberts. Let me see what you have. (Examines and prices several articles. Watches the spy closely.) Have you always made your living by peddling?

Spy. No, Captain, time was when I had two stout boys to assist me, but they are now in the army fighting the battles of their country.

Roberts. In the army? What army?

Spy. The Confederate army, Captain. You wouldn't suppose they were in the Yankee army.

Roberts. Well, I didn't know; stranger things than that happen sometimes.

Spy. Yes, Captain; I'm much obliged to you for your help, and may God protect the right.

Roberts. (Watches spy, aside.) There's something devilish strange about that old man that puzzles me. Something in that voice seems familiar, yet I cannot place him. I'll keep my eye on him at all events.

Gen. Lee. Well, gentlemen, do my plans in reference to this new movement harmonize with your views?

Gens. Longstreet and Ewell. They do.

Gen. Lee. Then all is understood, General Longstreet, you will march your command in two columns, keeping your flanks well protected, and move as swiftly as possible; the hour is four in the morning. (Exit Longstreet and Staff.) Gen. Ewell, you will move your troops at three in the morning, keep them well concentrated, ready for any emergency. (Exit Ewell and Staff.) Sergeant, you will take these orders to head-quarters of Gen. Hill, and deliver them to him personally, with dispatch, for enclosed are orders relative to duties to which I have assigned you. (Sergeant puts orders in belt, moves off, spy takes them, seen by Roberts.)

Exit soldiers, L.

Roberts. (Chuckling.) So, so, my suspicions are well grounded. Now, then, to capture him, show him up in his true colors, and further my chance of promotion. (Exit, L.)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Landscape.*

Pistol shots and noise outside, enter Ned Arlington, hastily, L.

Ned A. The infernal bloodhound Roll Roberts has seen through my disguise, and is in hot pursuit of me. My only chance of escape is in flight. Should they attempt to lay their blood-stained hands upon me, they'll find that I will sell my life dearly. (Draws a pistol. Exit, R.)

Enter hastily, lieutenant and private of Roberts' band, L.

Lieut. There he goes; follow him and take him, dead or alive.

Pistol shot heard; private staggers and falls; Lieutenant drags him off.

Enter Roberts and two privates, L.

Roberts. Ah, he runs like a thief. Joe go to headquarters and bring two of the bloodhounds. If they are once upon his track let him say his prayers, for he cannot escape. Ah, he has wounded one of my men. By the eternal, that seals his doom. After him. (Exit, R.)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Woods, set rocks and tree, guerillas tying Ned to tree, discovered.*

Bill. I say boys, we'll hang him up.

Joe. Aye, aye, where's a rope? Ah, here's one, now then boys, we'll make him dance on air, here goes. (Puts rope round Ned's neck.)

Enter Roberts, R.

Roberts. Back, I say, every one of you, I'm Captain here, (Men murmur.) Oh, none of your black looks. (To Ned.) So, so, my honest old pedlar, you've got into a hornet's nest at last. How do you sell your combs, sold all your pies, eh? (Takes basket, empties it on stage, men gather up the articles.) There go the contents of your basket, food for my men, and it won't be long before your body will be food for crows.

Ned A. Oh, you may taunt away, Roll Roberts, I am powerless now, but the time may come when these limbs will be free to strike to the earth and trample under foot such sneaking curs as you.

Roberts. Ha, ha, I've heard you Yankees talk before, Lieutenant, go to Col. Raymond, and tell him I want to see him immediately. Tell him I've treed a live Yankee peddler, d'ye hear? (Exit Lieut., L.) This answers my purpose very well. Col. Raymond shall know how easily he's been duped, and my shrewdness in detecting him will go far towards elevating me in the estimation of my superiors. (Enter Col. Raymond, L.)

Col. R. Well Roberts, if you have any business with me, let me hear it at once, my time is precious. Ah, who have you there. Why have you that old man tied to a tree, a prisoner?

Roberts. Old man, eh? That's a peddler, isn't it? Ha, ha; step this way till I give you an introduction to the old gentleman. (Removes disguise.) There, do you think you've seen him before?

Col. R. (Surprised.) Ned Arlington?

Ned A. Yes, Colonel Raymond, it is Ned Arlington, a prisoner at the mercy of a cut-throat. [Roberts attempts to strike.] Oh, you can strike me; it is befitting a coward to strike an unarmed and defenceless man.

Col. R. Ned Arlington, it is needless to remind you of the position in which you are placed. You have entered our lines as a spy and have been captured.

Ned A. And I am ready to abide the consequences.

Col. R. Should I report your case to headquarters, no power on earth could save you. I do not rejoice at your misfortune, but extend to you the hand of sympathy.

Ned A. Sympathy from him whose hands are red with the blood of his countrymen I do not ask.

Col. R. Speak not too rashly; recollect you are in my power. None but Roll Roberts and I know of your capture. Any show of defiance will only hasten your doom.

Ned A. I expect no mercy; do your worst.

Col. R. On one condition, and that alone, can you expect mercy. Life is sweet. You have father, mother and sister who are dear to you, and you to them. If you accept I will cut the cords and you are free. Shall I name the condition?

Ned A. I am ready to hear it.

Col. R. It is this: Forsake this rotten abolition cause, throw off the shackles that bind you to a hireling despotism, and enroll your name with us in establishing our independence. Will you do it?

Ned A. Colonel, the condition is brief and to the point, and my answer shall be the same. I will not accept.

Col. R. Then you have sealed your own doom.

Ned A. And may that doom sound the death-knell of the Southern Confederacy.

Col. R. I am done. In consideration of our early friendship, I will not report your capture to head-quarters; but leave you to the tender mercies of Captain Roll Roberts.

Ned A. (Aside.) Then I am lost, indeed.

Col. R. Ned Arlington, farewell. (Exit, L.)

Roberts. Ha, ha. Leave you to the tender mercies of Roll Roberts. Ned Arlington, I hate you; I've not forgotten the day you crossed me in my love for Alice Raymond—how you poisoned her mind against me with soft and oily words—but now comes my revenge; here upon the spot you shall die the death of a dog. You shall not be honored with a grave, but here at the foot of this tree shall your flesh rot and your bones bleach. Crows and buzzards shall feast upon your rotten carcass.

Ned A. Oh, inhuman monster.

Roberts. Monster, indeed! This is not all; hear me. When you are dead I will write letter after letter to your old father and mother, telling them that you deserted the Union cause, was captured, and died the ignominious death of a deserter. Thus shall the proud spirits of your parents who love you be crushed to earth, and your name be a by-word. They will curse you; aye, curse the day that gave birth to Ned Arlington.

Ned A. Oh, had I but the strength to rend these fetters, that I might leap upon you, tear out that base, cowardly heart of yours, and show to the world what foul corruptions make up this cursed Southern Confederacy.

Jack and Pete behind rocks exchanging signals.

Roberts. Rail away; we'll soon stop that ranting tongue of yours. I say Lieutenant, how will we dispose of this fellow?

All. Hang him, hang him.

Roberts. Well, so let it be, prepare the rope. Ned Arlington, say your prayers.

Noise outside.

Lieut. Hollo, who comes there?

Enter Jack and Pete, R, singing.

Jack. I say, my right bower, long may she rain and may our jackets keep dry. Here, just hold this jug till I—

Roberts.—Here, I'll save you the trouble, I'll hold it myself. Who are you? Where did you come from? Where are you going? What's your name?

Jack. Darn'd if I know.

Roberts. What's your name?

Pete. Moses Sassafras, of Sassafras County, born in Sassafras town, on the Sassafras river, and I'se going to Sassafras creek.

Roberts. What's in this jug?

Pete. Sassafras beer.

Roberts. Sassafras beer, eh. (Drinks.) Well, if this is Sassafras beer, I'd like to know what you call whiskey.

[Hands to men, they drink, all get sleepy, Jack and Pete release Ned.]

Ned A. Thank you; I am free again. My brave preservers, how can I repay you for this noble act?

Jack. Never mind that, Ned. (Takes jug.) This Jersey lightning did the work. Just think of it; half a gallon of lightning and a quarter-pound opium. Ha, ha, there they lay, a glorious pack of sleeping beauties.

Pete. When dat pack ob sleeping beauties woke up won't dey swear; I guess dey'll be mighty keerful how dey drink sassafras beer after dis. Great day in de morning, just think ob it—two quarts of sassafras beer an a quarter pound ob sleepium.

Ned A. Well, my fine fellows, you have done your work well. I have gained important information while in the enemy's camp, and must hasten to headquarters to report. Tarry here awhile and see that none of these infernal cut-throats dog my footsteps. Farewell, and may Heaven bless you. (Exit, R.)

Jack. Lay there, you have slain thousands. I say Pete, disarm, dismantle, disrig, destroy.

Pete. What you mean by dat disarm, dismantle, disrig, destroy?

Jack. I speak in parables, behold me. (Takes muskets, takes off caps, fills them from the jug, fires pistols and run behind rocks. Lieutenant follows, is shot, staggers, falls.)

Pete. Great day in de morning, dere goes a hundred and fifty pounds ob sleepium. [Quick curtain.]

SCENE FIFTH.—*Landscape, distant firing.*

Enter General Lee and staff, L.

Gen. Lee. (Examining field.) I am now thoroughly convinced that the Federals have received information of my

movements on their right. This will compel me to change my plan of attack. Colonel, tell General Longstreet to move his forces to the centre, throw out his skirmishers as far as possible, and endeavor to draw the enemy's attention in that direction. (Exit Colonel, L.) Should the enemy mistake this for a faint movement, as I believe they will, their centre will be weak and General Longstreet can advance his columns with little or no opposition.

Enter aid of General Ewell's staff, L.

Aid. General, General Hill ordered me to inform you that the enemy are moving to the right and left, and believes they are attempting a flank movement.

Gen. Lee. Ah, this sounds like work. Order General Hill to remove his forces at once to the extreme right, and if possible, hold them in check until he hears from General Longstreet in the rear, [exit aid, L] then I'll have them between two fires. Captain, you will order General Ewell to move his forces from the extreme right to the rear of General Hill, and be ready to support him at any moment. [Exit aid, L.] [Examining field.] I see they are very active on my left; I will hasten to meet them, and give them a warm reception in that quarter. [Exit, L.]

SCENE SEVENTH.—*Woods; General Meade, staff and orderlies discovered; firing in distance.*

Enter Colonel of General Reynolds' staff, L.

Col. General, the army under the command of General Longstreet has attacked our centre, and unless General Sedgwick is speedily reinforced he will be compelled to give way.

Gen. Meade. Tell General Howard to forward his troops immediately to the support of General Sedgwick in the centre. [Exit Colonel, L.] That position must be held at all hazards.

Enter Captain of General Reynolds' staff, L.

Captain. Sir, General Reynolds has fallen, mortally wounded, and the first corps is without a commander.

Gen. Meade. Ah, this is sad news indeed; it is almost impossible to fill the vacancy caused by the loss of so brave a man. Order General Doubleday to assume command of the first corps, until further orders.

[Volleys of musketry and roaring of cannon heard; wounded soldiers carried from the field; enter Jack and Pete with prisoners; Union forces driven back; rally; charge; tableau; curtain.]

End of act third.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE FIRST.—*Hospital, beds, surgeon, nurses and orderly discovered; nurse at the bedside of Will Stanton writing letter, Stanton dictating.*

Stanton. Tell my mother I was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and am now lying on the verge of eternity. Say that I can see her no more in this world. Tell her I died like a soldier, fighting under the old flag. Oh, this terrible pain. Raise me up, I have something more to say. Tell her I never forgot her parting words. Will, she said, do your duty like a man and put your trust in God. Tell her I tried to obey her in her every wish and desire, and in my dying moments cherished her fondly in my memory. Oh, that pain again. Water, water. Tell her to pray for me and my poor wounded and dying comrades around me, and when I am dead tell her to take me home and bury me under the old willow tree, and let the old flag be planted at the head of my grave to mark my resting place. Yes, the old flag, I love it; I love the dear old flag. [Dies, tableau.]

Nurse cuts off lock of hair, puts it in the letter, gives to orderly. [Exit orderly, L.]

Ned Poor Will, so brave, so noble and so generous. The only support of an aged and widowed mother, gone to his long home, and she left broken hearted and penniless in this cold and unfeeling world. Another victim added to the long roll of the dead who fell in defence of a nation's honor. Poor Will, peace to his ashes.

Enter stretcher bearers, L, carry off the body of Will, Ned follows slowly.

Enter Alice Raymond, R.

Alice. [To Surgeon.] Sir, can you tell me whether Col. Raymond is in this hospital?

Surgeon. Col. Raymond of the Confederate army?

Alice. Yes, sir.

Surgeon. Is he a relative of yours?

Alice. He is my brother.

Surgeon. He lies in yonder cot.

Alice. [To Col. R.] Harry, brother, arouse yourself, do you not know me, do you not know your sister Alice?

Col. R. Why yes, so it is, my own sister Alice. This is very kind of you, to come so far to see me. How are father and mother?

Alice. [Aside.] Oh! how can I find courage to tell him of their heavy loss and poverty. They—they are—as well as could be expected, Harry.

Col. R. I'm glad to hear you say that, I long to see them. Give me a glass of water. That is refreshing. *Alice*, I am badly wounded, I would like to go home to die.

Alice. No, no, do not speak thus, while there is life there is hope. I will do all in my power to get you home. (To Surgeon.) Sir, I wish to take my brother home, can you give me permission?

Surgeon. Madam, our orders in reference to removing wounded prisoners are strict, I have not the power to grant your request.

Alice. (To nurse.) Will you assist me?

Nurse. My duty is to attend to the sick and wounded, I have no influence in having any one removed.

Alice. (To Orderly.) Perhaps you can help me?

Orderly. Madam, I can do nothing for you.

Alice. Oh, is there no help, must I leave him to die in this loathsome place? No, no, I can not. (To Surgeon.) If you cannot help me, pray tell me, is there no one here who can use his influence in my behalf?

Surgeon. I know of none. Stop, there is an officer here who may have some influence. (Writes note and gives to Orderly, Exit Orderly.) (*Alice goes to Harry.*)

Col. R. Give me a glass of water. (*Alice gives water.*)

Enter Ned A., L.

Surgeon. Madame, Captain Arlington.

Alice. (Aside.) Great heavens! Ned Arlington here?

Ned A. Miss Raymond, this meeting is sudden and unexpected. This is the first time I've had the honor of seeing you since I was driven from your father's house at the opening of the rebellion. The surgeon informed me that you have business with me, please state it.

Alice. (Aside.) His apparent coldness seems to tell me that my case is hopeless. Ned, I beg pardon, Captain Arlington, my brother lies there severely wounded, I wish to have him removed to his home, will you lend me your assistance.

Ned A. Miss Raymond, I have respect for the kind feelings you have for your brother, but I fear I cannot assist you. It is a difficult matter to have a *Union* Soldier removed from here, much more so, one whose arm has been raised against the government.

Alice R. Oh sir, imagine yourself in my brother's position, wounded, sick and dying, far from home and friends, your

sister traveling many miles, weary and footsore to reach your side that she might comfort you in your dying hours; behold that sister pleading to have you removed to your home to take the last farewell of your father and mother, and receive their final blessing. What would you think of the man who would not use all his energies to have that last fond desire granted?

Ned A. Miss Raymond, the picture which you would impress upon my mind is full of feeling, I can see it all, but there are sometimes obstacles in the way, which forbid us following the finer impulses of the heart, and make us appear stern and indifferent, I know your love and anxiety for your brother, and if I would obey the dictates of my own feelings, I would say remove him at once, but I——

Alice R. Oh Sir, do not say you cannot, forget for a time the cold formalities of the soldier, take the responsibility upon yourself, for my sake—for the sake of her who was once dear to you. Oh—you can—you will—behold, on my knees I implore it.

Ned A. (Aside.) She's on her knees, her proud spirit is broken. Miss Raymond, arise, do you remember my last visit to your father's house, the quarrel and separation, have you forgotten with what a proud defiant spirit you ordered me from your presence, and bade me never to cross your threshold again until I would fall upon my knees and ask for your forgiveness, and for what? because I dared to disagree with your father on a question, which in my opinion involved the two great extremes of right and wrong.

Alice R. Oh Sir, believe me, it was but the excitement and passion of a moment.

Ned A. Aye, it was the excitement and passion of a few designing men, that have deluged our country in blood, cast sorrow and gloom o'er this once fair and happy land, and sent misery and distress into thousands of homes, this was the work of men laboring under passion and excitement—may God forgive them!

Alice. Oh, then forget the past, forgive those who have done wrong, and grant my request.

Ned A. It shall be done, I hold no animosity towards those wounded men who, through the misfortunes of war have fallen into our hands. I will relieve you of your anxiety. Ten days ago I wrote to the proper authorities about your brother, and here is the reply. Surgeon, please examine the document and see if it is correct.

Surgeon. (Examines document.) It is correct, Orderly, you will have Col. Raymond removed at once, I will attend to the transportation. (Exit Orderly, L.)

Enter Orderly and stretcher bearers, L, take off Col. R.; Business; Col. R. takes Ned's hand, bids farewell, and thanks him; Exit Col. R.; Alice falls on her knees and exclaims: May heaven bless you.

Curtain.

SCENE SECOND.

Pete. (Outside.) Go 'way from dere, keep yer paws of o' dat knapsack. (Enter, L.) Oh! come inter me, come into me, I'll string yer up like ingions, fifty on a rope, I'll larn you to keep yer paws off o' my trunk. Dem dar rapscllions wanted to steal my clothes what I picked up on de battle field. I lost my old clothes in de skrimmage somehow, an great day in de morning I must wear something. (Puts down knapsack and opens it.) Dis yer coat I tuk from de dead body ob a dead mule driber. (Puts on coat, which is too tight.) Great day in de morning, dat must a been a young mule driber. (Put on hat.) Dis heah hat I tuk from de body ob anoder dead mule driber, great day in de morning, dat must a been a swell head mule driber. (Take shell out of knapsack.) I wonder what dat is now, it looks like a squash wid a hole bored in it. (Noise outside.) Who's dat millinary chap coming down de road, he looks like a moonstruck Yankee out on a specerlation. (Enter Jack.) I guess I'd better git out o' dis or he'll chop me up into mince meat, shuah.

Jack. Hold, hold, stop, be ye friend or foe, answer me, or you'll hear thunder belching forth from my bosom friend, my right bower, my long Tom.

Pete. (Aside.) Great day in de morning, dat is Jack. Say you put dat weepin down, guess I knows you, yer name's Jack.

Jack. Away from me, hence, be gone, my name is not Jack, it is Jacko, de brigando don furioso.

Pete. Yah, Yah, Jacko, de blackguardo don blow yer noseo.

Jack. Hallo! that is Pete.

Pete. No sah, hence, be gone, vanquish, it is not Pete, it is Peto don Petoso on a debbil ob a busto.

Jack. Shade of my ancestors come to arms!

Pete. I ain't yer aunt's sister, what am I got to do wid her.

Jack. Well, come anyhow. (Embrace.)

Pete. I say Jack where did yer git dem clothes an cheese knives.

Jack. Listen, and I will a tale unfold, will harrow up your blood and make that wool upon your head as straight as a forked streak of lightning—I stole 'em.

Pete. Yer did, did yer? I borrowed mine from a diseased mule driver, I tuk a lease on em fur ninety-nine years.

Jack. Say Pete, what have you got there?

Pete. Dat dere am a relish wot I picked up on de battle field. I'se gwoine to take it home, an put it on de mantle fur a ornament.

Jack. (Examines shell.) What, you imp of darkness, going to take it home. Touch it lightly, handle it gently, make no noise or she'll bust; it's a shell.

Pete. Hocum, slocum, so it is, do yer think it will 'xplode?

Jack. Put it down, trifle not with the black and hideous monster, for grim death lurks within its sepulchral chambers.

Pete. (Puts down shell.) Lay dere, yer hab slain thousands.

Jack. Aye, lay there, thou inhuman torturer. Now let's away in search of brother Ned, did you hear that he was clipped in the wing?

Pete. Great day in de morning, has Massa Ned got wings?

Jack. Wings! no, when I say wings I mean arms. He was shot in the arm by a ball, said ball came from a gun, said gun was fired by something in the shape of a man, said man belonged to the rebel army, and said army will soon be en route for the regions of eternal darkness below. There you dark skinned monster, do you understand.

Pete. De man dat could'nt understand dat should go home to his modder. Say Jack, just help me to pack up my trunk an den we'll go right down to see Massa Ned.

Business at packing knapsack, shell explodes, exit R. and L.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Raymond parlor showing signs of poverty, Raymond family discovered, Harry R. on death bed.*

Kate R. Is there no hope, mother?

Mrs. R. Alas! I fear there is none.

Harry R. Steady, forward men, forward and charge with a will.

Alice R. Hear him, mother, his mind is wandering back again to that fearful battle scene.

Harry R. Raise me up so that I can view the field. There, see them, column after column, moving steadily onward, and see, they charge, and—great heaven, they are driven back.

Mr. R. Rest easy, my son, it is nothing. (Aside.) His mind is wandering.

Harry R. Ah, dreaming again. Father, I have something to say to you before I die, I can now see it all.

Mr. R. See what, Harry? Speak out, I am listening.

Harry. Father—oh this racking pain—and thirst. (Mrs. R. gives him water.) Father, I am not long for this world, and ere I close my eyes forever, I wish you would grant me a dying request. Will you do it?

Mr. R. Ask me anything, and if it lies in my power it shall be granted.

Harry R. Father, the country is engaged in a dreadful struggle, and I feel as though it was a contest of wrong against right. Father, promise me that you will renounce the Confederate cause, for something tells me we are wrong.

Mr. R. (Aside.) O how can I make this sacrifice? but—

Alice R. Father, do not hesitate, remember you have promised to grant any request.

Mr. R. True, true, I have, but consider the circumstances, the—

Alice R. Yes, consider the circumstances, look around you, desolation and ruin extending all over our once happy and sunny south, misery and want staring us in the face, and the hand of death in our own household. Oh, you cannot refuse his dying request.

Mr. R. Would to heaven I had been spared this, it is too much. (Sinks on chair.)

Harry R. Ned, Ned Arlington, let me take you by the hand. You did a noble act, will you forgive me?

Alice R. His imagination leads him back to the scene in the hospital. Oh, my poor brother.

Harry R. Where am I? Why I am at home with my friends. Where is my father?

Mr. R. I am here, my son.

Harry R. Father, promise what I asked, quick, ere it be too late.

Mr. R. (Hesitating.) Your—request shall be granted, I—I—promise you.

Harry R. Bless—bless you, now I am happy. Ah, look there, see, see how they fight. The boys are falling by scores. Listen to the groans of the wounded and dying. And now the Confederate forces are driven back. Their colors are down, hear their loud hurras. See, there goes the old flag,

the old stars and stripes are floating again. See the old flag, the old flag. (Dies.)

Tableau, Curtain.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE FIRST.—*Woods and Set Rocks.*

Enter Roberts over rock, L, noise in distance.

Roberts. Curse the luck, why did I not use better judgment in this expedition, just when I thought I had every thing my own way, I must stumble across this infernal picket guard, and that too, under the command of Ned Arlington. Curse them, but I'll foil them yet. (Yells outside.) Ah, here comes my band. (Enter band hastily and excited, L.)

Lieut. Captain, I fear all is lost, the Yankee picket guard is aroused and in hot pursuit of us, what is your command?

Roberts. To the woods and rock, scatter in every direction, it is our only hope of escape. (Exit band, R.) Ah, they are close upon my heels, I'll conceal myself. (Hides.)

Enter picket guard, L.

Sergt. See, they have taken to the woods and rocks. Now men follow, and if possible, capture that notorious outlaw and his band. (Exit guard, R.)

Roberts. (Advancing.) Ha, ha, capture the notorious outlaw and his band, they may possibly capture his band, but I guess the outlaw has foiled them. Now, I'll take the back track. (Moves off L, is met by Ned A.)

Ned A. Hold, surrender or you're a dead man.

Roberts. Surrender to you, Ned Arlington, never, your Yankee body guard has left you, in pursuit of my men, we are alone.

Ned A. Roll Roberts, I do not wish to stain my hands with your blood. If you surrender I promise to hand you over to the proper authorities, where you will receive a fair and impartial trial.

Roberts. Ha, ha, I do not intend to run the risk of your fair and impartial trial. I am free now, and intend to remain so, I defy you.

Ned A. I did not come here to bandy words with you, you are in my power and I'm determined to bring to justice, and rid the country of a thief and assassin, whose horrible deeds have caused humanity to shudder.

Roberts. I'm in your power, am I? Ha, ha! You were in my power once, and foiled me, I intend doing the same. Stand aside and let me pass.

Ned A. If you pass, you do so over my dead body.

Roberts. Then curse you, over your dead body it shall be. (Rushes toward Ned with knife, Ned snaps pistol, misses fire, shot heard in distance, Roberts' arm drops, knife falls.) Some sneaking cur has shot me in the arm, my only chance now is to follow my men to the woods. Ned Arlington, we shall meet again. (Rushes off, is met by Jack.)

Jack. So shall we.

Roberts. (Aside.) Baffled by that fool. Now then, for my last attempt. (Rushes to the opposite side, is met by Pete.)

Pete. Hab yer got de pass?

Roberts. Completely entrapped. Ned Arlington, this is your work, and curse you, you shall die for it. (Picks up knife with left hand, rushes toward Ned, Pete fires, Roberts staggers and falls.) You have finished your work, I am dying. May my eternal curses rest upon you. (Dies.)

Pete. Great day in de morning, I guess I hab finished him, he cut de flesh ob-dis ole body open many a time. I tote him I'd hab my revenge, and I got it.

Ned A. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard, he has lived a bad and fearless life, but he is now called upon to render his final account before the judgment bar.

Jack A. I say Pete, he has kicked the bucket.

Pete. His bucket am kicked. (Close.)

SCENE SECOND.—*Landscape.*

Enter Deacon, R.

Deacon. The people down in the village are in an awful state. Dame rumors says the war is about being ended, and the people down there are awfully wild about. They're running hither and thither, thither and hither, one very wild individual run against me, knocked me down and almost smashed my umbrella. Let me see, I think I purchased a newspaper, I have it somewhere in my pocket. (Draws out paper.) This paper is in an awful state. (Opens paper and reads.) So here it is! "Rumors of a Surrender. From our Washington correspondent we learn that Gen. Lee cannot possibly hold his position two days longer before the overpowering forces of Gen. Grant. Sherman's contemplated arrival strikes terror into the Confederate army, we should not be surprised to chronicle in our to-morrow's issue, that Gen. Lee has surrendered to the U. S. forces." If this be true the country will not be in such an awful state, verily this is good news. I will now bend my steps towards the Arlington

mansion and acquaint them of the rumors, I may possibly get a good meal, which I 'awfully stand in need of. (Exit, L.)

(Close.)

SCENE THIRD.—*Plain chamber; Mr. A., Mrs. A., and Florence A., discovered at table; Booming of cannon heard.*

Florence. Father, I wonder what that firing means, I heard it several times already. It sounds as if it was in the village.

Mr. A. Probably they have received news of another victory. Our brave boys have thrashed them pretty well lately, and good news have been coming thick and fast.

Mrs. A. Heaven be praised. If my prayers had been granted, peace would have been declared long ere this.

Mr. A. Yes, yes, mother, had all our petitions and desires been complied with, the war would have been ended long ago, but Providence, in his infinite wisdom, sees fit to defer it for his own good purpose. We must bide our time.

Florence. How long is it since we received the last letter from Ned and Jack?

Mrs. A. Just three weeks ago yesterday, that we had a letter from Ned.

Mr. A. Yes, Ned wrote the last letter, and gave some glowing descriptions of the battles through which he passed. He says Jack is as wild and eccentric as ever, but he and Pete have been doing him some good service, they having twice saved his life.

Enter Deacon, L.

Deacon. (Aside.) I see I am just in time. Good morning friends.

Mr. A. Good morning, Deacon. [Shake hands.]

Deacon. Good morning Mrs. Arlington, good morning Florence. [Shake hands.]

Mr. A. Sit down Deacon, and take some breakfast.

Deacon. [Aside.] My walk from the village has given me an awful appetite. Yes, I believe I will take a morsel.

[Sits to table.]

Mrs. A. Deacon, you must make yourself at home and help yourself, we have just finished our meal.

Mr. A. Deacon, can you tell us the meaning of this firing, have you been to the village lately?

Deacon. I just come from there. Hav'nt you heard the news?

All. News!

Florence. What news? Do tell us, Deacon.

Deacon. Why, the people down in the village are running awfully wild about it. I purchased a morning's paper, which will give you all the desired information. [Searches pockets for paper, finds it in hat, different articles fall out of hat; Mr. A. reads, jumps up excited, and treads on Deacon's toes.] Lord bless me, my nerves, I, I, mean my toes, they are in an awful state.

Mr. A. I beg ten thousand pardons, deacon. This is glorious news, the prospects are that the war will terminate speedily. Sit down deacon, sit down and help yourself.

Deacon. Yes I believe I will finish my meal. [Sits down.]

Mrs. A. I can scarcely believe it, deacon; what is the general opinion of the people in the village? I fear it is nothing but a sensation story gotten up to create noise and excitement.

Deacon. Yes, Mrs. Arlington, the noise and excitement in the village is awful, and it is a general opinion that the serious contentions between the North and the South will soon cease to exist.

Mr. A. No doubt of it Deacon, no doubt of it, I never did think that this corrupt and contemptible Confederacy could hold out long against our brave and noble boys of the North, O, the upstarts, the presumptuous fools to attempt the overthrow of the noblest nation the sun ever shone upon, the idea is preposterous.

Deacon. Those are my sentiments, and I don't care three or four straws who knows it. [Noise and cheering outside, L.]

Florence. O what does that mean, something unusual has certainly happened. [Cheering again.]

Ned A. [Outside.] Thank you my friends, I'll see you again in a short time.

Mrs. A. That's Ned voice, I would know it among a thousand. [Enter Ned, L, greeting.]

Mr. A. Ned, my boy, I'm glad to see you back again to your old home.

Deacon. Ned, I'm extremely pleased to see you, it strikes me you've grown awfully brown.

Ned A. Yes, deacon, long exposure to southern sun and winds has somewhat tanned me.

Deacon. Yes, the sun and winds of the south have tanned you, and you, in conjunction with the rest of the boys, have tanned the rebels, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. A. Ha, ha, ha, that's good Deacon, very good, they have tanned them, and confound them, it served them right.

Mrs. A. Well Ned, now tell us the news, did you come home to stay, or will you have to return again?

Ned A. Return again, no mother, the war is ended, ten days ago Gen. Lee surrendered to the U. S. forces, and the old stars and stripes now float again triumphantly over the whole country.

Mrs. A. Heaven be praised, now are my prayers answered.

Florence. Oh, I'm so glad, you will not have to go back again. But why did you not bring Jack with you?

Ned A. He'll be along presently, I left him at the village with the boys of the Regiment, I expect them to pass by here in a short time.

Mr. A. Well Ned, are all the boys coming along back with the Regiment; are they all safe and sound? And—

Ned A. No father, the Regiment left here with one thousand men, and returns with a little over five hundred. The fierce and bloody struggles through which we have passed, have thinned our ranks considerably. Many brave boys who left here full of hope and fond anticipation of returning to their homes, now lie sleeping in a soldier's grave. Poor Will Stanton is one of the number.

Mrs. A. Oh, what a fearful blow that must have been to his poor old mother.

Mr. A. Sit down Ned, and tell us all about it.

Ned A. Well, it was at the battle of Gettysburg, on the third day of July, how well do I remember that fearful conflict. The two great armies resting side by side. The contest commenced about 4 o'clock in the morning, by Gen. Slocum opening a heavy fire upon Ewell's column. For six full hours Jackson's old corps hurled their solid masses against our troops, who stood like a wall of fire, returning shot for shot and blow for blow. At eleven o'clock the enemy retired, and there was a perfect calm until two, when Longstreet advanced in solid mass upon our centre, it was the enemy's last effort, and it was sublime in its desperation. You should have seen the boys then; the orders were given for a charge, and with one loud, piercing yell away they went, sweeping everything before them. It was here that Will Stanton showed his bravery. Our Colonel was killed, the colors were shot down, and the Regiment began to falter, when Will saw this, he rushed forward, seized the colors, and waving them high over his head shouted, now boys, at them again, when he was struck by a minnie ball, and fell mortally wounded.

Mr. A. Ah, he was a brave boy, but our country now will have to mourn the loss of many, many more as brave as he.

Mrs. A. Well the dreadful ordeal is past, now lets us rejoice that it is so.

Mr. A. Aye rejoice, that's it, by the way mother that reminds me of something, the wine we made for this occasion, when the boys come home you know. Let me see what do you call it? Isabella, that's the name; run Florence and bring a bottle or two! [Exit Florence, R.] and I will drink to the health of the country. Deacon you are fond of wine, are you not?

Deacon. I do occasionally indulge in it for stomach's sake.

Enter Florence R. serves wine.

Ned A. Now Deacon, suppose you give us a toast.

Deacon. It is out of my line, Ned, but on this extraordinary occasion I will throw off all restraint and comply with your request. "Here's to Isabella, lovely Isabella, may all the Isabellas all over this wide domain prove as sweet and acceptable as this Isabella."

Mr. A. That's decidedly good Deacon. It seems you are rather partial to Isabella, eh, not Isabella queen of Spain but, queen of your heart. [All laugh.]

Enter Mr. and Alice Raymond, L. All rise astonished.

Mr. A. The Raymonds here. What does this mean?

Mr. R. You are no doubt surprised to see us here, but circumstances, cruel circumstances have driven me to it. This fearful war has reduced me to poverty and want, and as a last resort I came to seek shelter beneath your roof, thinking you would not drive me out in my weak and helpless condition, I'm weak and—faint—and—and— [Staggering supported by Alice.]

Mr. A. Quick, Florence, a glass of wine, see he's in a fainting condition. [They assist him to a chair and give him wine.]

Alice. Thanks, my friends, this is very kind in you, my father has had so much trouble lately that it has completely prostrated him. [Aside.] Did I ever think it would come to this?

Mr. R. Oh, the misery that I have endured these last few years has entirely wrecked me. Like a ship at sea, bereft of sail and helm, I'm left to the mercies of a cold and heartless world. It was not so once; but a few years ago I was wealthy and prosperous, and could laugh at poverty, but alas, what a change. A fearful war, with all its horrors and bloodshed, has swept the country like a hurricane, and I entering into the spirit of the wild and mad ambition of the South, risked my all, and have lost. May the instigators of this foul con-

spiracy be plunged into everlasting misery and despair, and the memory of their terrible wrongs haunt them to their graves.

Mr. A. Well, well, Mr. Raymond I deeply sympathize with you in your misfortunes. Do not grieve, if it lies in my power to help you, you shall not suffer, you are welcome to remain here and make this house your home as long as you see proper, eh Ned.

Ned A. Yes, father, they shall be welcome, but no reflections, if you please on the past.

Mr. A. Why what's the matter Ned?

Ned A. Simply this, henceforth I can treat Alice as a friend and sister no more.

Mr. A. Well, well, have it as you will, these little affairs must be settled amongst yourselves. I am satisfied.

Mrs. A. I do declare, we have entirely forgotten to ask them to sit up to the table.

Mr. A. So we have, so we have, and I've no doubt they are hungry. Come Florence, bustle about and prepare something for them, we must try to make their stay as pleasant and agreeable as possible.

Florence. Yes, father, and I am certain Alice and I will be good friends. [Prepares table.]

Mrs. A. Come, Alice, let me take off your bonnet and shawl. Don't look so downcast, we all have our troubles, but must endeavor to overcome them.

Florence. Now, mother, everything is ready.

Mr. A. That's right, come now, sit up, Ned, assist Mr. Raymond to the table. [Mr. Raymond and Alice sit at table.]

Jack outside singing.

Ned A. Hollo, there's Jack, and I guess Pete is not far off.

Enter Jack, through door, general greeting, except deacon.

Jack. In the words of the poet, I'm "Home again, from a foreign shore, and oh, it fills my stomach with joy, to eat from the old table once more."

Deacon. Jack you've forgotten me, how do you do?

Jack. Grape and canister, so I have, put it there, deacon. [Shake hands.]

Deacon. It's been there quite long enough.

Ned A. Jack, where did you leave, Pete? [Shouting outside.]

Pete. [Outside.] Keep away from heah, boys, keep yer hands off a dis responserbility. If yer don't I squash yer on de snoot.

Jack. Hear the voice of my right bower, my bosom friend, behold he cometh.

Enter Pete at door, with baby.

Pete. Yes, my chicky wicky, I'll be a modder to yer, as long as yer little heart strikes in yer little boseum.

Mr. A. Wonder upon wonders, if there is'n't Pete with a colored baby.

Deacon. A colored baby, is Peter married?

Pete. Who said I was married? I deny the exertion, I'se a single man, an de lawful fadder and modder ob dis little innerse, which now declines upon its modder's boseum.

Deacon. Not married, and got a nigger baby, the country is in an awful state.

Mr. A. Pete, you imp of darkness, come here.

Pete. [Sets baby on chair.] De apparition stands afore yer.

Mr. A. Where in the name of common sense did you get that baby?

Pete. Dat ar little lamb I picked up down here in de army, I found it disposed to the clemency ob de congealed atmosphere in a state ob nudidity.

Mr. A. What are you talking about?

Pete. Great day in de morning, I was talking about de baby, yer see it were left faderless an modderless on de top of dis wide world without any natral— [Deacon sits on baby, baby cries.] Git off o dat ar lamb! do yer want to squash de breff out o dat ar infant?

Deacon. I had no desire to hurt the fellings of the piccanninny.

Pete. [Takes child and endeavors to pacify it.] I say massa Jack come heah an fotch de chile some pap.

Jack. [Brings bowl with pap and tastes it.] It taste like pap, [tastes again] and then again it tastes like mam; nevertheless, methinks it is pap. Pete, shake it well and give it a quart every ten minutes. [Pete shakes baby.] What are you doing there?

Deacon goes to sleep on chair.

Pete. Did'n't yer tole me to shook him?

Jack. Grape and canister, I did'n't mean the baby, I meant the pap. That's the baby, and this is the pap.

Pete. An dis is de modder.

Jack and Pete feed baby; drum heard.

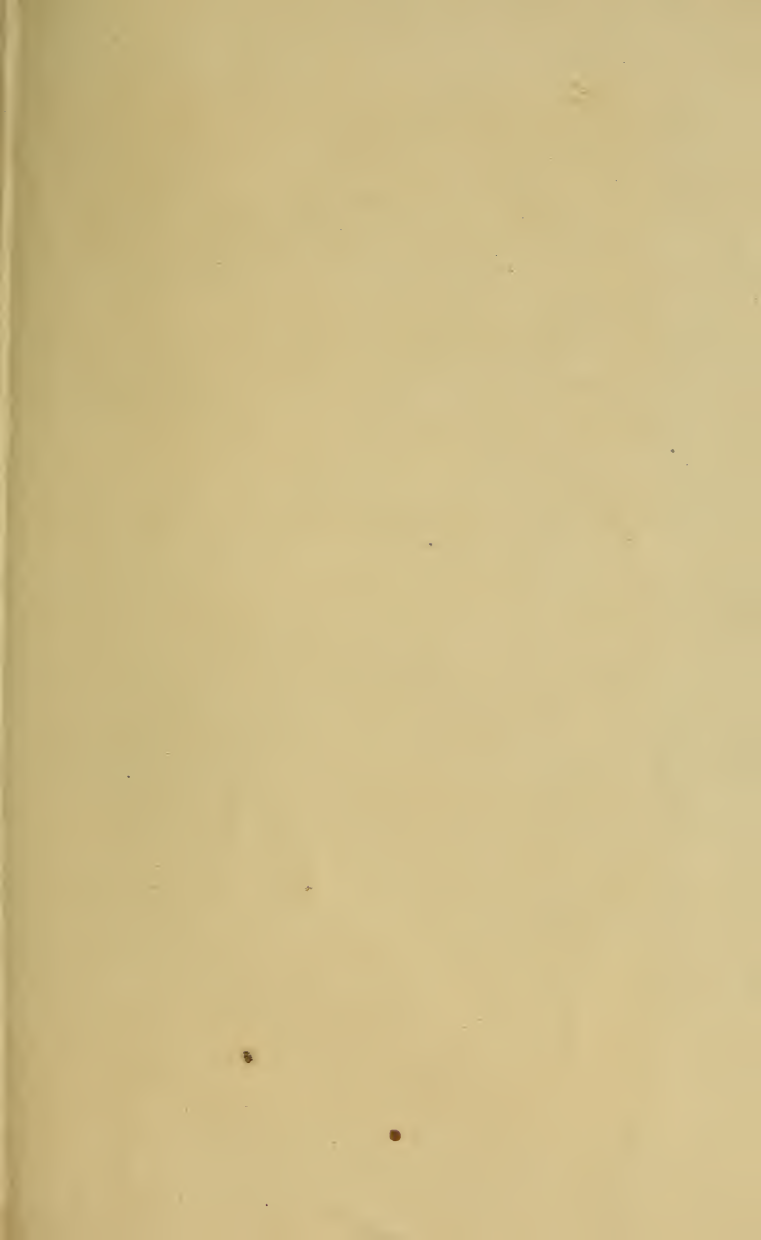
Ned A. Hollo, there comes the Regiment.

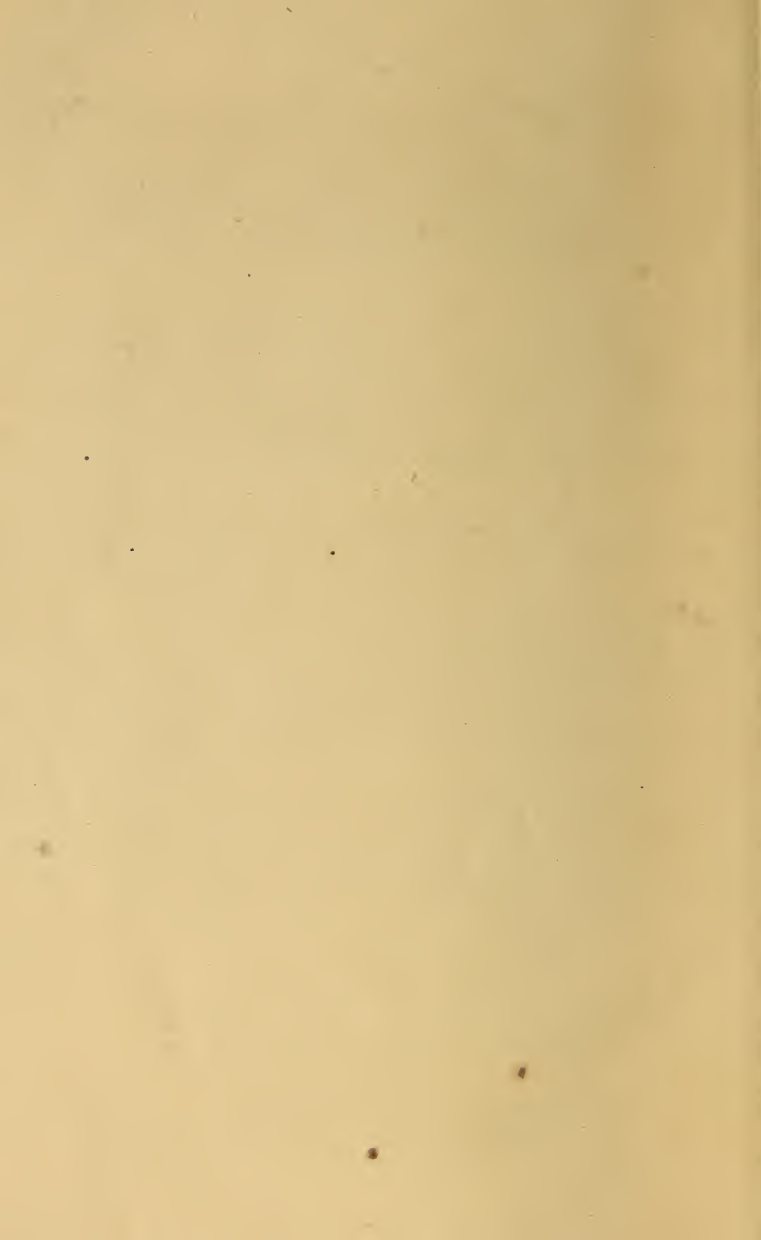
Mr. A. Yes, so it does, so it does. Now then prepare to give the noble fellows a warm reception as they pass by.

The Regiment approaches, family sing "Star Spangled banner, troops cheer as they pass, Deacon wakes up suddenly and falls from chair, Jack and Pete take positions right and left on front groove, Regiment disappears, first groove dropped, Jack and Pete still singing.

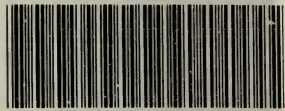
SCENE FOURTH.—*Union and Confederate troops discovered, Union troops right, Confederate troops left, officers on centre, B, clasping hands, stack of arms on foreground, surmounted with Union flag, Goddess of Liberty with female figures R. and L., in attitude of prayer on extreme back. Illumination. Union. Tableau. Curtain.*

THE END.





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